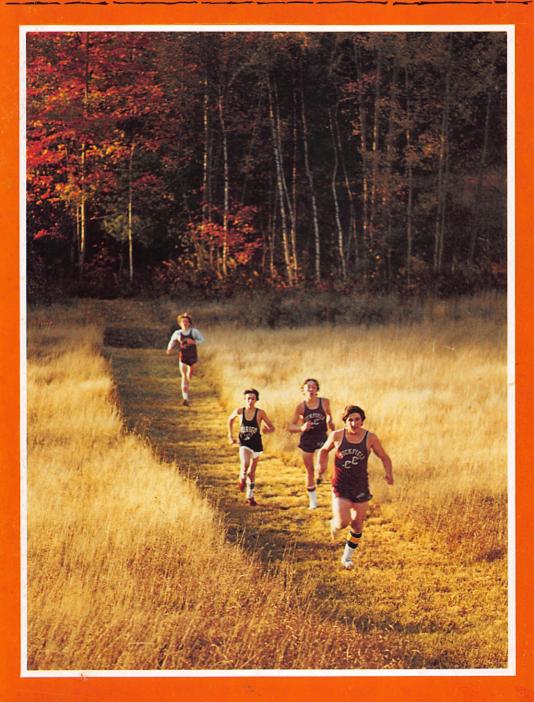
# Bitter Sweet

October, 1979 The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region vol. 11, No. 12





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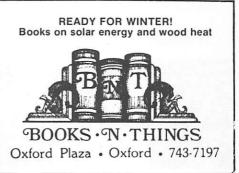
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by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.



# A RIGHT START

In last February's column we pipedreamed together about a community program for helping one another. From the mail received there appeared to be a consensus that a concerted effort was needed for lending a hand; for dealing with family problems, drug abuse, and child abuse; for reaching out to the isolated, disenfranchised and desperate people of There appeared to be Oxford Hills. agreement that all of this might be good medicine for the Hills. In that article, Symphony, such a proposed effort was likened to a symphony orchestra. And now, at the beginning of what will be a long winter for many, it seems that an orchestra is forming up, and that some quite lovely sonatas have already been played.

But, I am rushing ahead...let's back-track. First, some history. Last March 24th, after much groundwork on the part of our local Kiwanis Club, about two hundred people gathered for a Saturday-long discussion of our community's problems. Out of this symposium came a list of proposals for dealing with these problems. Family instability, drug and alcohol abuse, lack of communication between parent and child, lack of employment opportunities, child abuse and neglect, lack of respect, lack of recreational opportunities, teenage pregnancy and inadequate sex education, and problems with education in generalwere chosen to be our nine areas of primary concern. And there we were that sunny

Saturday in March, seven cups of coffee later, with a list of problems and ideas. We all sat back, perhaps a bit smug at having "done" something, pointed a finger at twenty people, then waited for miracles from a "steering committee."

From those twenty a smaller, more manageable steering committee of eight, together with co-directors for task forces formed to deal with each of the nine problem areas. And that, at some time in April, along with a stack of ideas and proposals, constituted RIGHTSTART.

A slight digression might be helpful here. There is always the notion that committees such as the one just described consist of wealthy, retired philanthropists with nothing else to do but perform good deeds. Forget that notion. RIGHTSTART's steering committee consists of: two full-time mothers who are also school volunteers, a high school teacher, an overburdened foster parent, a high school senior student body president, a doctor, a school administrator, and an accountant—all with families, all of whom "have no time," and yet, for this, managed to find some.

Now back to the mainstream. From this small skeleton of an orchestra, one could hear some tuning up. The task force directors began calling the rest of the people who had been at that March symposium to get some help, and the steering committee (of which I was a member) met to decide, quite frankly, just what the hell we were supposed to do. And we found, as someone more wise might have already told us, that a few who were already doing a great deal were willing to take on even more and that the rest, alas, had no time.

Digression—why this response, "Gee there's just no time?" Why, when there are twenty-three softball teams playing games twice a week, are we unable to find coaches for Little League? There is no simple answer. Several factors appear to play a part in the big "No." Many are basically afraid of more responsibility, of more demands. They have had enough. They "need more time tor themselves," to grab that gusto. And, too, there is a basic sense of inferiority—"what can I do, what could I offer?" And finally, maybe we're all just a bit too damned unaware of the poverty and deprivation around us; too caught-up in business,

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# Folk Tales

# THE MYSTERY MAN OF BRIDGTON ACADEMY

The time: the turn of the century. The place: North Bridgton, a little academy village in Maine. The man: a man of uncertain age, six feet tall, about 170 pounds, round face, blue eyes, sandy complexion, reddish-brown hair very thin on top and always clipped short.

He arrived, one mid-September evening, on the B. & S.R. R.R., better known as the Narrow Gauge. The miniature train stopped at our little station about 9:00 p.m. on its last run for the day between Hiram, where it connected with the Maine Central R.R., and Harrison. Hardly a trace of the Bridgton and Saco River Railroad now remains.

We were first aware of his presence when he appeared at our front door with Mr. Spratt, Principal of the Academy, who introduced him as a new student needing room and board. Although the Academy was then almost a hundred years old, it had no boys' dormitory. The boys roomed in the homes of the villagers. Most of them ate at the boarding club, which was run by the students and furnished meals at cost, ranging from eight to twelve cents per meal. But there were always some who were able and willing to pay a little more for home cooked food and a more varied menu. So it was that Mother always had a house full of roomers and a dining room full of boarders.

The newcomer was given a room over the parlor. It was a good-sized room with three windows, one a dormer. There was a small fireplace which usually smoked if there was an east wind.

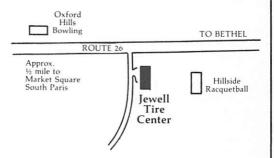
Beyond the fact that his name was Berkeley Thorne and that he came to the Academy on the recommendation of Isaac Basset Choate, then a well-known teacher and writer in Boston, he made no reference to his family or social background. Under what circumstances he met Professor Choate, who once taught at the Academy, I have no knowledge.

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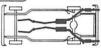
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# Making It

# THE AFRICAN VIOLET LADY OF BRYANT POND

by Nadia Bolio

After accumulating about 30 varieties of violets at home, Myrtle Clifford began to think about making the flowers her business. Her children were grown and she had the time to enjoy her favorite hobby—that of growing African Violets. She now has over 200 varities at the African Violet House in Bryant Pond, in the most beautiful shades you can possibly imagine.

When her business began, news of it spread by word-of-mouth and she is now busily employed right in her own home, doing her own thing and loving every minute of it. "It's such a pleasure to meet the many people that come to my door," she says. "I really enjoy talking with all of them."

Visitors come from all over: from California and Canada and Florida, or just about anywhere in the United States. All are eager to buy an African Violet plant from the famous African Violet lady herself.

Myrtle has kept a guest book only since 1962, at the suggestion of a friend. She's had a visitor from Japan sign the book in Japanese. Another time a cousin of former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau of Canada gladly left a signature.

A long-time member of the National African Violet Association, Mrs. Clifford takes tender care of all her plants. Upstairs in her rambling farmhouse which serves as both home and business place, she has a propagating and growing room where she always has baby plants coming along. Only when they are mature enough are they placed downstairs.

During the summer months violets are literally climbing the walls of the enlarged sunporch (which her husband extended to make room for all the plants). Shelves just lined with blooming plants show off a variety of blues and pinks and purples. An ingenuous planter made from a wagon wheel serves as a handy stand for a few dozen plants. When the bitter wind of winter sweeps along the house some of the violets are moved onto the dining room where they sit on shelves lining the windows. Others



creep along kitchen walls and window ledges.

Many people would not venture to grow African Violets because they say they never have good luck with them. But if you like plants and want to grow African Violets, all it takes is a little know-how, according to Mrs. Clifford.

Myrtle does not plunk her violets into just any pot or soil. The soil has to be just right. She uses only peat moss to which she adds some vermiculite, perlite to lighten the soil (as roots need air) and some charcoal to sweeten it. This mixture is then wetted down and steamed one hour to kill any existing bugs or other disease-carriers. When it is finished, it has a lovely feel to it almost good enough to eat. And the African Violets sure eat it up. So much so that Myrtle has never had a sick plant. Another reason she has no sick plants may be that other types of flowers are never allowed near these violets. All the violets are kept together and cut flowers from the garden are kept separated from them.

Mrs. Clifford says there are no real secrets to success. "I just tell my customers not to overwater and to keep plants out of the sun," she says matter-of-factly. "I always water them from the bottom with warm water."

Weekends are probably the busiest at the African Violet House, with visits from many tourists. The place is always open, though, and Myrtle always has a violet ready to be adopted. Myrtle Clifford is famous for

growing violets, but she has other talents too. Beautiful afghans that she knits are displayed at the shop. And paintings that she has done down through the years line the walls as well.

Although well into their 70's, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford are both active people. Their garden boasts hardy plants that produce enviable crops. They are area natives with a brand of Yankee fortitude which breeds success. They say their vegetables and flowers nourish both body and soul.

Anyone passing through Bryant Pond toward Bethel cannot possibly miss the African Violet House. Two large handpainted signs stretch clear across the side of the early American farmhouse, vet another bit of the Clifford's handiwork. The striking signs, which Mrs. Clifford carefully cut using a jig saw, have helped establish the place as a Bryant Pond landmark.

"People are always stopping to take pictures," says Mrs. Clifford. And, often as not, they wind up leaving with a plant—as well as a picture—to remind them of the African Violet Lady of Bryant Pond.





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# YANKEE HUMOR (Part II) Seba Smith's Downeast Philosophy

by Dorsey Kleitz

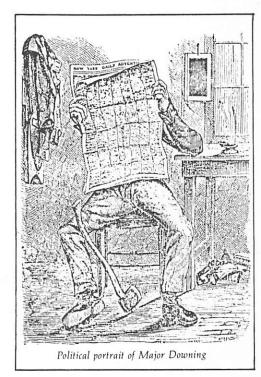
Due to his upbringing in Buckfield, Turner, and Bridgton, Smith had a first-hand knowledge of country vernacular...for the first time in American literature we have Americans speaking in their own distinctive local dialect.

The quality of Maine humor and speech has long been a topic of discussion and interest. As early as 1848, James Russell Lowell was confidently creating humorous New England characters and listing the peculiarities of Yankee dialect. In 1937 the Federal Writer's Project guide to Maine stated simply that Yankee humor manifests understatement rather than and as its central exaggeration has characteristic the nasal qualities, slurred enunciation and hesistant delivery of Maine speech. Whatever the theory, there seems to be general agreement that it is difficult to accurately convey on paper the true color of Maine wit and language.

One of the first and most successful attempts to transcribe downeast talk and portray the New England cracker-box philosopher was made by Seba Smith in his series of humorous letters from the fictional Mayor Jack Downing of Downingville. These letters, satirically dealing with political events of the day, appeared in various newspapers and were the subject of conversation in all the steamboats, stages, and tayerns of the 1830's.

Seba Smith was born September 14, 1792, in a log cabin his father built in Buckfield in the province of Maine. At the age of six his family moved to Turner and then, a few years later, to Bridgton where Seba worked at odd jobs. His early years were hard; the Smiths were not well-off and Seba had to make his own way. His education came in bits and pieces, a high point being his parttime study at Bridgton Academy. In 1815 through the generosity of a friend, he was able to enter Bowdoin College in Brunswick, where he graduated at the head of a class of nineteen students.

From Bowdoin Smith went to Portland where he established himself as a newspaper



editor and publisher. The relative job security he now had made it possible for him to marry an intelligent and strong-minded Portland girl named Elizabeth Oakes Prince. Their marriage, lasting 44 years, was unusual for the nineteenth century, in that Elizabeth had her own career as a writer, lecturer, and proponent of women's rights. She associated with many literary figures of the time, including Poe and Emerson, and ultimately became as well known as her husband.

The first of the letters from Major Jack Downing were printed in Smith's newspaper, the *Portland Courier*, on January 18, 1830. In a sense the letters were born of frustration. Smith had been reporting on the progress of the Maine legislature in the first weeks of 1830 and had been angered by the partisanship of the legislators. The two parties, the National Republicans and the Democratic Republicans, had been so evenly matched that for days the legislature had been paralyzed, unable to act on anything. In an effort to point up the absurdity of the situation, Smith conceived the idea of describing the proceedings from the point of view of a Maine rustic. The plan was to



bring him from the country and, in Smith's own words,

let him blunder into the halls of the legislature, and after witnessing for some days their strange doings, sit down and write an account of them to his friends at home in his own plain language.

Home was Downingville, modeled on Turner, Maine, and the backwoods inhabitant was called Major Jack Downing of the Downingville Militia.

At first Jack Downing took on only the Maine political scene, but as the popularity of the letters grew Smith expanded Downing's world to cover national politics and the presidency of Andrew Jackson. Jackson was a favorite target for Smith's satirical thrusts. Some of the most famous Downing letters concern a tour Jackson took through the East in 1833. Jack was supposedly a friend of "The Gineral" and thus covered "The Grand Tower" for the folks back in Downingville. One particularly memorable letter gives this description of the President shaking hands with a huge crowd:

The President shook hands with all his might an hour or two, till he got so tired he couldn't hardly stand it. At last he had to lay down on a soft bench covered with cloth and shake 'em as well as he could, and when he couldn't shake he'd nod to 'em as they come along. And at last he got so beat out he could only wrinkle his forehead and wink.

In another letter dealing with the same tour, Smith pokes fun at Jackson's uneducated Common Manimage when Jackson is to receive a Doctor of Law from Harvard. Downing's letter home reads:

What upon arth a Doctor of Laws was, or why they wanted to make the President one I couldn't think. So I asked the Gineral about it. Why, says he, yo know Major Downing, there's a pesky many of them laws passed by Congress that are rickety things. Some of 'em have very poor constitutions and some of 'em haven't no constitutions at all. So that it is necessary to have somebody there to Doctor'em up a little and not let 'em go out into the world where they would stan a chance to catch cold and be sick. You know, says he, I have had to Doctor the Laws considerable ever since I've been at Washington, although I wasn't a regular bred Doctor.

Both of these letters humorously display the mistrust and suspicion the rural New Englanders have traditionally had for elected officials.

In 1839, after two unsuccessful speculations in Maine wilderness land, Smith and his wife moved to New York where the large publishing industry assured them of employment. Here Smith edited several short-lived magazines, continued his Downing letters for a Washington newspaper, and wrote a popular volume of New England tales entitled Way 'Down East; or Portraitures of Yankee Life.

In writing Way Down East Smith probably drew from his experiences in the small towns in Maine. In the tale "The Tough Yarn" two men meet over hot flip in "a snug tavern" in Maine and make a bet about a

third tavern customer:

He's the greatest talker you ever met...I'll bet the price of your reckoning here tonight that you may ask him the most direct simple question you please, and you shan't get an answer from him under half an hour, and he shall keep talking a steady stream the whole time too.

To the question of whether his lameness is in his foot or his leg the third customer replies, "That reminds me of what my old father said to me once when I was a boy. Says he, 'Jack, you blockhead, don't you never tell where anything is unless you can first tell how it come there." The proverbial Yankee inability to give a straight response to a question makes this one of the most entertaining stories in the book.

Following the publication of 'Way Down East in 1854, the humorist's health began to fail and his creative output declined. After living in semi-retirement for a number of years Smith became deaf and partially paralyzed and finally died at his home on Long Island on July 28, 1968. He was buried in a small cemetery in Patchogue, New York.

It is difficult now to feel the full humorous impact that Seba Smith's Downing letters must have had in the first half of the 19th century. The political issues they deal with seem distant and hard to understand today. In his time, however, Major Downing was one of the most important, original, and popular literary characters. He represented the unlettered New England rustic at his best, struggling to make sense of a young and growing country. It is a character type which has become central in American folklore.

Of great importance was Smith's ability to capture in writing the nuances of Maine speech. Due to his upbringing in Buckfield, Turner and Bridgton, Smith had a first-hand knowledge of country vernacular. Without pretension of exaggeration he was able to write a believable colloquial prose and for the first time in American literature we have Americans speaking in their own distinctive local dialect. In a mock biography of Jack Downing, Smith discusses the secret of his technique:

If I had been to school all my lifetime, I know I never could be able to write more honestly than I have. I am sometimes puzzled most plaguily to git words to tell just exactly what I think, and what I know; and when I git 'em, I don't know exactly how to spell 'em-but so long as I git the sound, I'll let other folks git the sense on'tpretty much as our old friend down to Salem, who bilt a big ship to go to China-he called her the 'Asha.' Now there is sich a thing as folks knownin' too much: all the larned ones was puzzled to know who 'Asha' was: and they never would know to this day what it ment, if the owner of the ship hadn't tell'd 'em that China was in Asha. Oh! ah! says the larned folkd, we see nowbut that ain't the way to spell it. What, says he, if A-s-h-a don't spell Asha, what on earth does it spell? And that stump'd 'em.

Dorsey Kleitz lives at The Registry on Paris Hill.

Works by Seba Smith for further reading:

The Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing (1833)

'Way Down East; or Portraitures of Yankee Life (1854)

My Thirty Years Out Of The Senate (1859)

# ...Page 6 Mystery Man

It appeared his object in attending the Academy was to study mathematics and science and eventually take the entrance examinations for Harvard. He was really a special student since he didn't seem to fit in any one class, but he was listed in the catalogue as class of 1903. He was studious, and since there were no electric lights, he figuratively and literally burned the midnight oil.

He was always courteous to fellow students, but never chummy. He held himself aloof from the social life of the school. To the best of my recollection, he never went to church. During the time he was with us I don't recall he ever mentioned a woman in his life.

It soon became apparent that Thorne's recreation was reading and his exercise was walking. When the other students were playing football or tennis he was following some country road. Perhaps it was up to the Highlands for an inspiring view of the White Mountains, or maybe around the head of Long Lake to Harrison, or to Waterford by one road and back by another. He soon came to love our little village on the lake and the surrounding country.

He once showed us a picture of a group of young men all wearing capes and berets. He was one of the group and said the picture was taken at a school in Switzerland. That was his only reference to a previous education.

Whatever his nationality, he used excellent English without noticeable accent or dialect. He also spoke French as fluently as English. Occasionally he would carry on a short conversation at table with Joe Roux, a student who spoke Canadian French. They seemed to understand each other without difficulty.

I remember his little library contained a set of Shakespeare bound in soft leather, a set of Macaulay's History of England, books of poetry and, most interesting to me, such great novels as Ben Hur, David Copperfield, Scottish Chiefs, Thaddeaus and Warsaw, Hypatia, Vanity Fair, Last Days of Pompeii, and others. I read them all with great enjoyment. There was less reading available to a country boy in those days, but more time to enjoy what he had.

One of his favorite poems was the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, from which he often

quoted. He was also very fond of reading Kipling, aloud.

I recall the pictures he hung on his walls were etchings or copies of famous paintings. In clothes, in reading, in pictures, he showed good taste.

In 1901 our house had neither bathroom nor central heating. Each room had a woodburning stove for cold weather. The boys supplied their own fuel which was kept, in separate piles, in the stable. Some bought their wood in four-foot lengths and fitted it for the stove themselves. Others bought it all fitted. However it was bought, it was a daily chore to lug it from the stable to the room and build and keep a fire.

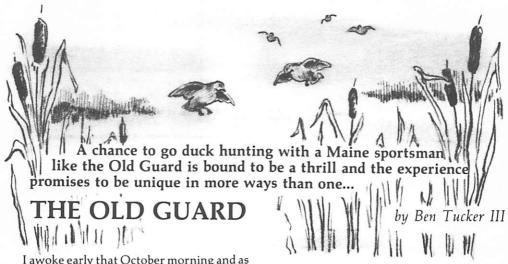
Thorne had considerable difficulty mastering the technique of firing a wood stove. One day he filled the stove with wood and departed for class without closing the drafts. Soon the boys in another room smelled smoke. They located the source as Thorne's room and, rushing in, found his woodbox, which was near the stove, ablaze. One of the boys grabbed a pitcher of water off the commode and put the fire out...

One day, in the spring, Thorne came into our kitchen with a can full of mushrooms which he wanted Mother to cook. Mushrooms, to my mother, were just toad stools and all toad stools were thought to be poison. He laughed at her fears and finally, under his directions, she prepared and served them. He suffered no ill effect, so they must have been edible.

The school year ended in June and Thorne returned to Boston. I don't think he told the folks his plans but we assumed he might be working as a waiter. He remarked once that he had been a waiter at the Touraine Hotel. The Touraine at that time was the finest hotel in Boston. Thorne said the tipping was so good that waiters were glad to work without wages.

In the fall of 1901, Thorne returned to the Academy to resume his studies and his walks. As time passed he became like one of the family. My mother treated him like a son and he called her "Mammy." He would often come down the back stairs and out to the kitchen to read Mother some passage he particularly liked or to read an original composition for her to criticize. She would reward him with a hot doughnut or a piece of apple pie and a glass of milk.

Page 31...



I awoke early that October morning and as I lay in the warmth of my featherbed, the wonderful aroma of brewing coffee told me that the Old Guard was already up. I arose, dressed hurriedly, making sure to put my long flannels on, and then crept quietly downstairs and into the kitchen.

"Mornin' boy," said the Guard as he stood over the wood stove and kept an eye on the eggs that he was frying in the big spider. "There's your juice and coffee on the table."

I gulped down the orange juice and put the sugar and cream to my coffee. I was only thirteen then, and a thirteen-year-old boy is certainly no judge of good coffee, but in all my coffee-drinking days since, I have yet to come across an aroma or a flavor quite as good as those produced by the Guard's boiled coffee. His recipe was a simple one: one heaping tablespoon of ground coffee per cup of water, plus the all-important spoonful "for the pot," bring to a rolling boil for two or three minutes, let stand, and settle the grounds with a bit of cold water. It's an easy enough recipe to follow, but I often wonder if the Guard didn't have a magic rhyme or something that he quoted over the pot because, despite the recipe, I have never been able to make coffee that tasted as good as his.

"Duck hunting is cold business, boy, and a hearty breakfast is as important a part of it as a good shotgun," he said as he piled the eggs and bacon on my plate. We ate quickly and I listened attentively while Guard talked of ducks in general, the beginning hunting season, and the possibilities of success that day. When we finished, he peered out his kitchen window and, with a flashlight, checked the outside thermometer.

"Better dress as warm as possible, Ben," he advised. "Looks like it's going to be a cold one out there today."

As I bundled up, the Guard went into the living room to fetch his gun down from the moosehorn rack that hung on the wall. That gun of his always amazed me. It was an old Stevens double barrel that he had purchased second-hand for ten dollars when he was only sixteen years old. The finish was worn off the stock and the barrel had various nicks and scratches to testify to the many years of rugged use. Whenever he brought that gun up to his shoulder, it always seemed as if it had been destined for him alone to use. If ever a gun was made for one man, that little twenty gauge was certainly made for my grandfather.

The shotgun I was using at the time was a Stevens single barrel twenty gauge and it was the first gun that I ever owned. It was long and very straight and stiff but I grew to cherish that gun for many reasons. It was a fine gun for a young man to learn to hunt with and I spent many enjoyable hours in the Maine woods with it.

We got our shells together, filled our pockets with some of my grandmother's toll-house cookies, and stepped outdoors in the pre-dawn darkness. In the east, there was an ever-so-slight hint of approaching daylight. We loaded our guns into the car, and together we crunched our way across the frost-ridden lawn toward the back side of the henhouse where the Old Guard kept his canoe stored. We carried it back to the car, secured it atop the racks, and we were ready to go.

"I think we'll check out North Pond bog up in Crockett Ridge," said the Guard as we headed out the driveway. "I've had good luck there for years and I know that our chances of roustin' a few ducks out a there are pretty good."

We went about a mile up the Norway Lake Road and then took a right at the Greenwood Road and headed for Noble's Corner through some of the prettiest countryside in the state of Maine. At the Corner we took another right, and then followed the tar road until it turned to dirt. The Guard turned left onto an old tote road that followed a small brook. He drove the car slowly up into the woods some two hundred yards until we came to the edge of North Pond. That small pond in the early light of an autumn morning was as beautiful a sight as any boy and his grandfather would ever set eves on. Gently we placed the canoe in the water, laid our guns in the bottom, and climbed in. I settled myself in the bow and with a shove the Guard climbed into the stern.

"By jeez, we're going to get some ducks this morning. I can feel it," said the Guard as he pushed us ahead with his smooth, quiet paddle strokes. I said nothing. I was overcome with the excitement and beauty of the day. We skimmed across the pond to the far side, and the Guard eased the canoe through a narrow opening into a large bog. The bog seemed to stretch for miles like some vast maze of water and marshgrass.

"Listen," whispered the Guard, "hear it?" Straining my ears, I heard what seemed to be a lot of splashing somewhere out in the haze in front of us.

"Ducks, and plenty of 'em," he said as he resumed his stealthful paddling. "Don't make a sound. Don't say a goldarn word. I'll bet it's blacks and black ducks are wilder'n hell as soon as the law comes off 'em."

I didn't make a sound. I don't think I even breathed. A strange tingling sensation crept up my spine and I felt the hair on the back of my neck stand up. I felt reeds scraping across the bottom of the canoe as the Guard worked us into a little backwater that was just about big enough to get into. He worked us around broadside so that the marshgrass closed up in front of us to form a neat, secure little blind.

"O.K., load up, Ben," Guard said as he laid down a paddle and picked up his gun. "I'm going to use no. 4's in the left barrel and no. 6's in the right one. Number 6 shot will give me enough pellets for a water shot if I need it and the 4's will bring 'em down out of the air with no problem."

"You better use no. 6's," he advised.

I slid the paper shell into the chamber and slowly closed the action to make as little noise as possible. I looked out into the haze on the bog and soon that chilled feeling crept into me again.

"Pay attention, now, but don't move a muscle until I give the word," whispered the Guard. I watched as he cupped his right hand to his mouth and proceeded to imitate the quack of a female black duck. In fact, if I hadn't been sitting where I could see what was going on, I would have sworn that there was a duck sitting right next to me. The Guard would call a bit and then stop and listen for a minute. Pretty soon, from somewhere out in the bog came a quacking reply.

"Sit still, they'll be coming this way in a minute," the Guard cautioned quietly.

Sure enough—out there in the distance a great splashing commenced as some ducks took off from the water. The Guard continued his calling and soon I spotted eight ducks, about eighty or ninety yards away, climbing skyward out of the haze. They continued to climb higher into the air and then they flew into the fog off to our left and out of gunshot range. I was very disappointed but the Guard stopped calling just long enought to tell me to get ready for action.

"Those wily ducks are just circling the area to make sure that everything is safe," he assured me.

He was right. In a few minutes I saw the same eight ducks but this time they were off to our right and it looked like they were going to set down on the water right in front of the canoe.

"They're goin' to land right out here," breathed the Guard. "Get ready."

Gracefully those eight ducks touched down on the water in front of us some twenty-five or thirty yards away. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the Guard slowly bring his gun to his shoulder, so I quietly raised mine and sighted in on a large duck that was paddling around off to my right. I waited. Suddenly the Guard's gun went off with a roar, so I immediately fired my own. In an instant, the ducks took off with a streak. My grandfather swung his gun



# EARL'S GUN SHOP

South High Street - Bridgton, Maine 647-8816



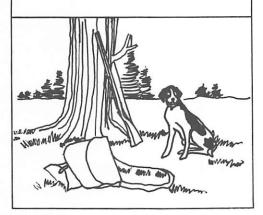
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Ammo - Federal, Remington



upward and picked up the flight to two ducks that were rising closely parallel to each other. He fired again and I watched in amazement as feathers flew into the air, and those two ducks went limp in the middle of their flight. For an instant they seemed to rest motionless in mid-air and they fell to the land with a big splash in the bog. As I watched them hit the water, my eyes grew wide with the wonder of disbelief. Six black ducks were lying on the water out in front of us! I turned to look at the Guard.

"Pretty good shootin', eh, boy?" he

laughed.

I didn't answer. I just looked back at those six ducks lying there and for the life of me I could not figure out where three of them had come from. The lone duck off to the right was the one I had killed. The fact that it was the first duck that I had ever shot was not even in my thoughts at the time. The two ducks off to the left were the two ducks that I had just seen the Guard shoot out of the air. There were still three more ducks lying out there! Impossible!

"By jeez, that first shot was a shell-saver," the Guard chuckled as if he could read the questions on my face. "I see that one ole baster' swimmin' right toward me so I pulled up on him. Just as I was about to fire I spotted two more ducks swimmin' in towards the first one. They were formin' sort of a triangle out there on the water. I waited 'til they were just about together and then I fired. I must have head-hit all of 'em 'cause they're sure deader than hell now."

Guard picked up the paddle and pushed us out into the bog so that we could retrieve our birds. I picked up my duck and studied it. It certainly looked like a beauty to my young eyes, but I still couldn't get over those five ducks that my grandfather loaded into the canoe. We canoed around the bog about another hour and I shot one more bird, a beautiful male hooded merganser, before we called it quits for the day.

In the years to come, there would be other hunts with the Old Guard, and there would be other thrills and other excitements, but never forget that beautiful Maine October day when I was thirteen years old and I shot my first duck and watched my grandfather shoot five blacks with only two shots.

Ben Tucker works in Norway and lives with his wife and children in Oxford.

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# ...Page 5 Medicine For The Hills

society, politics, television, and fun-for-me to remember that we are here to help one another.

Nevertheless, some have lifted instruments and begun to turn out a melody. Family Day, on a rainy August Sunday, promoted family togetherness, with pottery and quilting demonstrations, folk singing, mime and dancing, all on a budget of \$30. embellished by a lot of hard work. The first in a series of community forums designed to deal with lack of communication is scheduled, as of this writing, for Sept. 22. A similar symposium, For You, dealing with the large problem of drug and alcohol abuse will be held Oct. 24. And the whole business of getting kids into the Y's day camp was really something. It was a lesson in "get a good cause, ask the right people, and charge ahead." Over fifty businesses sponsored forty-seven RIGHTSTART scholarships for the Y's Summer Sun Fun program, after seven amateur fund-raisers came up with \$1,000 in record time. Look closely at those figures; that was about \$20 per business. Not philanthropy, but certainly commitment from the community.

What's ahead for RIGHTSTART? Ah, that's where you come in. We don't want your money; we want you. "Your" children need den mothers, coaches, scout masters, and an occasional trip to the movies. Single

parents need a hand, little girls need a foster grandparent or a big sister, or both. The school needs volunteers in the classroom. We need carpools to get the kids around and about next summer. The YMCA would love more volunteers, as would the Athletic Boosters Club. Bake sales would buy somebody a winter coat, some boots, warmth. Twenty-three bat "boys" for those twenty-three softball teams would mean twenty-three happy kids. A few "junior" barber shop quartets might be fun. A yearround Operation Santa Claus might not be a bad idea. And who has some ideas about heading off next spring's pre-graduation teen-age death toll on the road?

What's in it for you? I know twenty Little Leaguers who prefer Peter Bickford to Carl Yastremski, and about one hundred youth soccer players who'd rather have Roger Foster on their team than Pele. And who are we looking for? Someone with special talent? Those already involved with children? No—you, who think you have nothing to offer, who "have no time," who wait for someone else to do it for you. We need you. There are children in the Hills who'd love an hour a week with you. Not much...but a right start.

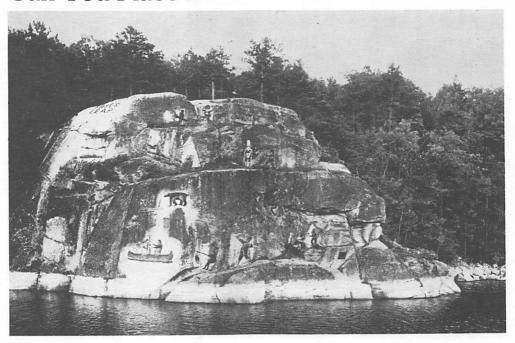
Printed below is a pledge card. Look it over, clip it out, and send it in. Let us know what you can afford to give.

# RIGHTSTART PLEDGE CARD

NAME
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PHONE #
How many hours per month can you pledge to work for
RIGHTSTART? hours / month
Indicate on reverse side in what capacity you will donate your time,

then mail to: Connie Allen, 108 Western Ave., South Paris, ME 04281

# Can You Place It?



Last month's Can You Place It? was the old Oxford Spring House, now demolished, which once stood on Allen Hill in Oxford. Mrs. Theodore Culbert, who submitted the picture, told us that it was used first as a hotel, then as a sanitarium and, finally, as a veteran's hospital before its demise.

 force dealing with:	involved with:			
Family Problems		Scouting		PTA
Drugs & Alcohol		YMCA		Fund Raising
Lack of Communication		School Volunteers		
Lack of Employment		Bake Sales		
Child Abuse & Neglect		Mom's Helping Hands		
Lack of Respect		Big Brother/Sister		
Recreation		Foster Grandparent		
Teen Pregnancy, Sex		Little League		
Education		Athletic Boosters		
		Other		

# Goings On

ART

BRIDGTON ART SHOW: Oct. 6, 7, 8, Town

Hall, Bridgton.

POSTER ART: Original works by internationally-known artists including Alexander Calder, Joan Miro, Johnny Friedlander & Will Barnet. Hupper Gallery, Hebron Academy, through Oct. 12. Gallery hrs: weekdays 9-5.

## SPECIALS

FRYEBURG FAIR: Sun., Sept. 30: Horse Show, Fireman's Muster, 9 a.m.; Pig Scramble, 11:30 a.m.; Pony Pull, 12:30 p.m.; Horse & Ox Pulling; The Pee Wee King Show with Red Steward & Collins Sisters. Mon, Oct, 1: Ox Pulling, Powder Puff, 9:30 a.m.; Woodsmen's Field Day, 10:30 a.m.; Ox & Horse Pulling; Pee Wee King Show; Jackpot Drawing; Tues. Oct. 2: Senior Citizens' Day (free admission 65 & over); Ox, Horse & Tractor Pulling; Devon, Charlois, Simmental & Sheep Judging; Fiddling Contest 8:00 p.m.; Jackpot Drawing. Weds. Oct. 3: Ayshire, Holstein, Sheep Judging 9 a.m.; Beef Shorthorn, Aberdeen Angus, Guernsey, Jersey, Working Oxen, Beef Cattle & Steer Judging, 1 p.m.; Ox & Horse Pulling; The Billy Walker Show with the Tenn. Walkers, 8 p.m. Thurs. Oct. 4: Ox Pulling Grand Sweepstakes 9 a.m.; More Cattle & Oxen Judging 9:30 a.m., 12:30 & 1 p.m.; Horse Pulling 2 p.m.; 4-H Beef Judging; Draft & Show Horse Judging 7 p.m.; The Roy Drusky Show with Sgro Bros. & June Kihara, 8 p.m. Fri. Oct. 5: Annual Governor's Day; Baby Beef Championship Award presented by Gov. Brennan or representative; Calf & Pig Scrambles, 10 a.m.; 4-H Baby Beef Auction, 11 a.m.; Horse & Ox Pulling; 4-H Sheep Lead Line 7 p.m.; The David Rogers Show; Jackpot Drawing; Fireworks, 7:30 p.m. Sat. Oct. 6: Farm Bureau Day: Horse & Oxen Trophy Presentation 9:30 a.m.; Grand Parade, Maine State Dairy Princess 10 a.m.; 4-H Sheep & Dairy Shows; Horse & Ox Pulling; Dick Cobb's Auto Daredevils, 8:15 p.m. Sun. Oct. 7: 4-H Steer Judging, Sheep Blocking, Judging Small Pets & Swine, 10 a.m.; Pig Scramble, 11 a.m.; Sheep Dog Trials, 12 noon; 4-H Beef & Dairy Judging, Steer Pulling 1 p.m.; Ox Pulling Powder Puff 1:30 p.m.; Horse Pulling Grand Sweepstakes; Dick Cobb's Auto Daredevils, 8 p.m.

# THEATRE:

HEBRON DRAMA: The Miser (a new translation of Moliere's comic masterpiece) Nov. 7-11, Science Lecture Hall, Hebron Academy. For reservations call 966-2511 or 674-2956.



## LIBRARIES

BEAR MT. LIBRARY, So. Waterford

BRIDGTON PUBLIC LIBRARY: Mon. 10noon, 1-5; Tues., Weds., Thurs. 1-5, 7-9; Fri. & Sat. 1-5.

CASWELL LIBRARY: Harrison

HAMLIN MEMORIAL LIBRARY: Paris Hill, Tues.-Sat. 10-4 (summer). Weds. 3-5; Fri. 9-2; Sat. 3-5; Tues. 7-9 (winter).

FREELAND HOLMES LIBRARY: Oxford

ZADOC LONG FREE LIBRARY: Buckfield

NORWAY MEMORIAL LIBRARY: Mon.-Sat. 12-5; Weds. 12-8.

PARIS PUBLIC LIBRARY: South Paris, Mon., Weds. 1-5; Tues. 1-5, 7-9; Thurs. 10-5, 7-9; Fri. 1-5: Sat. 10-12: 1-4.

WATERFORD LIBRARY, Waterford

# ETC.

FARE SHARE CO-OP STORE: Natural foods, books & literature. A member-run store, visitors welcome. 62 High Street, South Paris, Me. New hrs: Thurs. 2-8; Fri. 10-5; Sat. 10-5.

BARBER SHOP SINGING: The Hillsmen Chorus, S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. meets every Thurs. at 7:30 p.m., Second Congregational Church,

Norway. Guests welcome.

CONSULTATION & EDUCATION: Tri-County Mental Health Services offers Mutual Help Groups, Community Education, a Speaker's Bureau, Consultation to Schools, Businesses, Hospitals, Nursing Homes, and Training to Teachers, Parents, Human Services Workers, Nurses, Police, and people with problems. Contact them for more information at 11 Paris St., Norway (743-7911) or 191 Lincoln Ave., Rumford (364-7981).

# Heading Out

# THE BRIDGTON ART SHOW

For nearly a decade, people have combined their annual fall foliage tour and stop at the Fryeburg Fair with a visit to the Bridgton Art Show. The exhibit, to be held at the town hall on October 6, 7, 8, is one of the most popular in the region. If you don't know why, this year you ought to make it a point to find out.

"This is a casual observer's show," explains Steve Wentworth who is co-chairperson of this year's event with Peggy Mains. The fact that the exhibit is held in the town hall rather than outside on some busy street makes things less crowded and the pace more leisurely, he says.

"People come in, pick up a catalog, and see things at their own pace," says Wentworth,

who is himself a practicing artist.

The catalog includes information on all show participants and lists winners of the \$1,000 award for the best in show; the \$500 prize for first honorable mention; \$350 prize for second honorable mention; and the two non-juried prizes—a \$200 popular choice award (voted by people attending the show) and a \$200 artists and patrons' prize (voted by artists and patrons attending the show's preview party). In addition, the booklet lists an extensive glossary of terms to assist people in viewing the works on display.

The show, now in its ninth year, draws entrants from throughout the country who submit all types of art work including photography, sculpture, and painting. About 100 of the 200 entries are chosen by a panel of judges to compete for prizes in the juried show. But even those works which are not selected to compete are hung in the hall to be seen by the public. Many are for sale. Prices

may be obtained from the desk.

A smattering of works by local artists is entered in the show each year but Wentworth explains that since about 80 percent of the material entered comes from working artists, competition is stiff and local winners are at a minimum. Nevertheless, local artists who participate gain good publicity through their involvement, according to Wentworth, and many wind up selling their work. Some, like the creator of a toilet seat concoction entitled "Family

Portrait" entered during a past year appear to view the show as a tongue-in-cheek creative outlet. Whatever their motivation, people are welcome to enter for a \$25 registration fee which covers cost of operating the show. The event, which Wentworth terms a "100 per cent community effort," is entirely self-supporting.

Although Wentworth says the show's fall timing is partially responsible for its great appeal, he believes the high calibre of the judges is the single most important factor in its continued success. This year's panel of judges consists of Margaret Clunie, curator of the Bowdoin Museum of Art; Patricia Anderson of the University of Maine at Augusta; and Martin Dibner of Casco, a sculptor, novelist and painter who was formerly a member of the California Arts Commission and curator of Westbrook's Pason Museum.

The show's setting in picturesque Bridgton is another point in its favor. To add to the small town flavor this year, Bridgton's town band will present concerts throughout the day on Sunday.

Sunday is the show's biggest day. To avoid the crowds, Wentworth suggests stopping in at the town hall early, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 11 a.m.

It's the nicest time of day to see the show," he says. "Outside, the leaves are turning. Inside, the air is brisk. You can buy a cup of coffee or a glass of cider, pick up a catalog and wander around the hall for as long as you like."



# This Christmas



# Share A Bit of Inland Maine

There's more to Maine than rockbound coasts and lobster fishermen . . . like the rolling hills and crystal-clear lakes around Oxford County, for instance, where the Indian Princess Mollyocket once roamed administering ancient remedies to those in need and where modern-day wanderers come in search of their own special brand of solace: hiking, skiing, and snow-mobiling the magnificent hills; swimming, fishing, and boating the lakes and streams. Maine is a way of life. And BitterSweet is a part of it, capturing the area's special character in articles on historical happenings, old time crafts and people—past and present.

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# You don't say

In 1928, it fell to the County Sheriffs and their duly-appointed deputies to uphold the law in each small Maine town. It was on a mid-September day that law enforcement officials learned a 17-year-old convict had broken out of the state correctional school and was headed for the woods.

The criminal was spotted in Naples. Five hundred lawmen and armed citizens joined in the search. The posse beat the brush for many hours. The criminal was cornered once

and a gun battle followed.

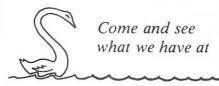
Well into the next day the desperado was finally caught in the road at Cook's Mills by the deputy from Harrison, W. D. Chute. Chute took custody of the boy. The other sheriffs, weary and worn from the searching through thickets, their clothes in tatters, met in the Portland office of High Sheriff King Graham to anxiously await the outlaw's delivery at the Cumberland County jail. As the night drew on with no sight of Deputy Chute and his prisoner, however, the men's anxiety increased. They were unable to reach Chute or the Harrison constable who was accompanying him. Had the criminal escaped? Were the lawmen hurt?

When the deputy and his charge finally sauntered into the court house at about 9 p.m., the boy looked less fearsome than expected. But the greatest change was in the appearance of the deputy himself. Chute was clean-shaven, nattily dressed in a suit and shirt with a fresh white collar, his shiny silver badge pinned to his vest.

"Where have you been?" one of the frenzied officers asked. Deputy Chute replied calmly, "Why, you don't suppose I was going to be running around in those

clothes, do you?"

The city papers later reported that the deputy had refused to treat his charge with any of the customary ceremony surrounding a desperado. Chute had simply hand-cuffed his prisoner in his flivver and driven home. While he shed his dirty old clothes and dolled up for his trip to court, the reporter noted that the three young Chute boys had run out and chatted innocently with the boy criminal. Then their father fed his charge and took him down to jail, where he bid him "good night."

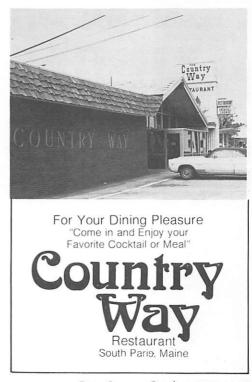


# SWAN SUPPLY

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# WAYS TO GET THE MOST FROM YOUR WOOD THIS WINTER

Chances are you've been burning wood for at least a couple of years now and have managed to master the basics of bringing in the wood supply, operating the wood stove, and keeping the warmth where it belongs. But, with this winter threatening to hike the cost of home heating oil out of reach, it's a good time to take a look at how to handle your wood more efficiently:

BRINGING IN THE WOOD SUPPLY: Whether you buy your wood or cut your own, the more you know about the nature of your fuel the better able you'll be to use it to your best advantage. Generally, wood is either characterized as hardwood or softwood, but there is a wide range of heating values between the groups.

BUYING WOOD: If you're buying your wood you ought to be just as cautious as if you're harvesting your own. Buying wood is not a simple matter. Either you buy from a dealer you can trust implicitly, or you

by Sandy Wilhelm

become by necessity an educated consumer.

In addition to the type of wood you are about to purchase, you must be aware of the amount you are getting for your money.

Wood is sold by standard units of measurement. A standard or full cord is a volume of 128 cubic feet, emasured as a pile 8 feet long, four feet high, and four feet wide. Actually, there are only about 80-90 cubic feet of wood in such a pile; the rest is air space. A full cord will weigh about 2,000-3,000 pounds.

A face cord is a pile of wood 8 feet long, 4 feet high, and as wide as the lengths of wood cut, usually 12, 16, or 24 inches. A face cord is always *less* than a full cord and should be priced less. A face cord of 24 inch logs is half the volume of a full cord, a 16 inch face cord is one-third the volume, and a 12 inch face cord is only one-fourth the volume.

# **CHAIN SAW SAFETY TIPS:**

If you are cutting your own wood with a chain saw, make sure you are fully instructed about the operation and maintenance of the saw before using it.

Never use a saw with a chain creeping at idle speed.

Before starting the engine, make sure that the saw is standing firmly on the ground and that there is no risk of the chain coming into contact with any obstruction.

Never adjust the bar or chain while the

engine is running.

When felling a tree, make sure the undercut is sufficiently deep. If the undercut is made with the chain saw, make sure that both cuts are made to the same depth. Make the top cut first.

Never make the felling cut below the level of the undercut. A small section of wood should be left uncut to act as a hinge while the tree is falling, so that the tree will fall in the desired direction. Do not cut all the way through the undercut or you will lose control over the direction of fall.

Use a felling lever, inserted into the felling cut as soon as the bar has reached sufficient depth.

Include a felling lever and a cant hook in

your equipment.

Before felling a tree, make sure that nobody is standing nearby. Remember that a shouted warning may be drowned out by the noise of the saw engine. When sawing the top side of the bar the saw may kick back, particularly when starting to cut. Always cut at full throttle. The danger is also present if the chain at the top side of the bar catches in a cut while sawing with the bottom side of the bar. Do not allow this to happen.

When carrying the saw between cuts, hold it with one hand with the bar pointing forward and with the chain disengaged at idle speed. When carrying an idling saw, keep your finger away from the throttle trigger

Remove or securely cover the chain when

transporting the saw.

Keep smokers and flames away from the saw while fueling or carrying out fuel adjustments. Do not fill the fuel tank while the engine is running.

Move the saw five or ten feet away from refueling area to avoid the risk of spilled fuel being ignited by exhaust fumes.

Do not store saw or fuel in a house or near a fire hazard. Store fuel in approved cans (not glass or plastic) and remember that gasoline fumes in empty containers are highly explosive.

Do NOT start the engine indoors. Exhaust gases are poisonous.

A truck load is a vague term depending on how big the dealer's truck is. A standard pick-up truck will only hold one-third to one-half of a full cord. Beware of what a dealer claims to be "about" a cord delivered in a halfton pick-up truck. If you have any doubts about its real volume, stack the wood before you pay.

It is reasonable to expect small variations in the size of wood piles. Usually a dealer measures and stacks the wood in the forest and once it is cut, split, and restacked it may pack into slightly less volume. Most dealers are local people who have a reputation to protect and will correct a substantial shortage. It is illegal to deliver less wood than advertised and paid for, and the State Bureau of Weights and Standards will enforce these laws against unscrupulous dealers. Call them if you think you have been cheated.

Wood is either green or seasoned. Seasoned (dry) wood will give more heat and start burning more easily, so it is preferred.

Wood that has been thoroughly dried in an oven and burned under laboratory conditions yields a heating value of about

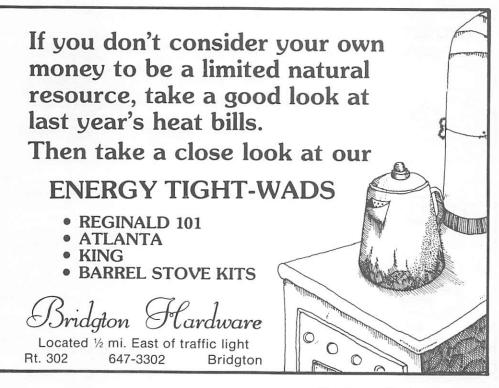


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8600 BTU/pound. But wood never dries that well naturally and wet wood has a reduced heating value because a certain amount of energy is required to evaporate the moisture before the wood will burn. The greater the amount of moisture in the wood, the more heat is lost in the evaporation process when the wood is burned.

Prices for the same types of wood vary from place to place according to the labor costs, transpoprtation costs, supply and demand. Shop around, try to buy when the

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Rt. 26

Oxford, Maine

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demand is low, and be sure you understand exactly what you're buying.

A rule of thumb for determining the comparison between wood and oil: the wood should be less than 1.5 times in dollars per cord as the oil is in cents per gallon. Oil at 50¢/gal. equates to wood at \$75/cord.

- 1. HIGHEST HEATING VALUE: 28-30 million BTU/Cord: Apple, Black Birch, Black Locust, Hickory, Hop Horn Beam, White Oak. These woods are the densest, with highest heating values. They make excellent coals. If you• buy your wood, expect to pay premium prices for these because they are scarce and in high demand.
- 2. HIGH HEAT VALUE: 25-26 million BTU/cord: Ash, Beech, Red Oak, Sugar Maple, Yellow Birch. These species grow plentifully in New England and comprise the majority of fuel wood. (Equal to approximately 176 gallons of oil, 211,000 cu. ft. of natural gas, 4600 kwh of electricity.)
- 3. MEDIUM HEAT VALUE: Black Cherry, Elm, Grey Birch, Red Maple, Tamarack, White Birch. If seasoned, this wood burns with lively flame but leaves few coals. Reserve this wood for warm days or when someown is around to tend the fire. A cord of this wood should cost 20% less than Grade A wood.
- 4. LOW HEATING VALUE: 13-17 million BTU/cord: Alder, Balsam, Fir, Basswood, Cedar, Hemlock, Poplar, Spruce, White Pine. These woods are the poorest for fuel; they burn quickly and leave no coals. They are usually sold cheaply or mixed with other wood. They do split easily and catch fire quickly, making them excellent for kindling. Poplar and aspen will take a chill out of a house in spring or fall when a regular fire would be too much.

OPERATING THE WOOD STOVE EFFICIENTLY: A great deal of attention is paid to obtaining, seasoning and preparing wood for burning. Since different species have different amounts of energy, you can match the amount of heat you need from your stove to a species of wood. On cold days, for instance, you should burn hardwoods. On warm days, burn softwoods. On moderate days, a mix of hard and softwoods will do the job.

Burning wet wood wastes energy because every bit of moisture in the wood must be evaporated before it will burn and

Page 28...

# KEEPING THE WARMTH WHERE IT BELONGS

by Nancy Marcotte

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yoooo?" Tis a pitiful sound to hear! It seems to chill you through and through With a strange and speechless fear.

-from The Night Wind by Eugene Field

#### Get The Most From Your Wood This Winter:

As October winds lend a layer of frost to the Oxford Hills, thoughts thoughts turn to cozy nights before the fire, windows down and curtains drawn to keep the cold outside

where it belongs.

But are we really keeping the wind outside? Most of us have hung heavy drapes and installed storm windows in anticipation of winter weather, but the fact is that may not be enough. Knowing that a large percentage of thermal energy goes right out through uninsulated areas of house walls especially the windows—and that the cost of reheating that air will be extremely high this winter, the Rural Housing Institute at Oxford Hills Community Services in South Paris sponsored a study of window treatments for cold weather protection.

Glass readily allows radiant solar heat to enter any house during the daytime, especially on the south side of the building, but the bare glass can just as quickly dissipate the stored heat back out of the house and into the cold winter night.

#### DRAPES (w/cornice)

R-0.8 Cost: \$17.43 Payback period: 23 years

Advantages: They're decorative

The window is operable with drapes in place

Drapes open & shut easily

No daily removal or storage is required

Disadvantages: Low R-factor

Long payback period

Desire for redecoration would probably mean drapes would last

only about ten years Does not prevent heat loss

Without a cornice, drapes set up a convection current around

windows which increases heat loss

Covering the glass as soon as the sun dips below the horizon is one way to immediately cut down on heat loss, but many people simply don't bother. Golden lamplight reflected on the snow beneath windows of homes may be a lovel sight on a winter's night, but it is wasteful.

An aim of any move toward energy efficiency is to improve the resistance to heat loss of a home—that is, the R-value, a muchmentioned term these days. All R-value amounts to is a scientific measure of how well our homes resist the conduction of air from warm (our heated rooms) to cold (the wind-swept outside surfaces of our houses). Most windows of insulated glass have a value of R-2, and the heaviest insulated walls have R-values of up to 30.

If you are a concerned energy consumer (and who isn't, these days?) you probably have considered ways to heat your home more effectively. But whatever way you choose-wood, oil, solar, coal, or any combination thereof-it only makes sense to keep the heat around once you've provided it. To do that, you should improve the Rvalue of your windows and walls to keep the heat from escaping and the cold from infiltrating.

To help you make a decision on the best way to protect your windows, here is a look at the pros and cons of some suggested treatments. Among the factors considered in rating the treatments were: R-value, initial cost, amount of time it takes for the treatment to pay for itself, and convenience of use.

# PLASTIC (covering window)

Cost: 69¢

R-1

Payback period: 2½ months

Advantages: Inexpensive

Quick

Easy to apply

Disadvantages: Not durable

Damaged easily

Usually lasts only one year

Unattractive

Window inoperable while covered with

plastic

Custom-Made Fireplace & Cover Shields & Night Enclosures

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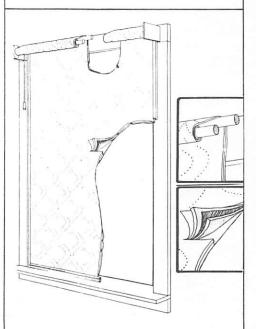
# ASTROLAN (or Space Blanket)

Cost: \$14.21 R-3
Payback period: 2.8 years

Advantages: Helpful to prevent heat loss especially on south solar wall Reasonable payback period Material should outlast payback period Easily installed

Window still operable

Disadvantages: All edges must be sealed on the window frame to keep out cold Material is easily punctured Requires manual rolling up each day for solar heat gain



# WINDOW QUILT

Cost: \$35.88 (wholesale) R-4.25 Payback period: 6-7 years

Advantages: Effective heat loss prevention Can be decorative (with fabric on the inside)

Less expensive for consumers to make themselves

Window remains operable

Disadvantages: Limited to 99" window span Long payback period

Rolling mechanism may not be durable All four sides must be sealed against the window to be effective

Quilting must be covered to be attractive

# SHUTTER (w/air space)

Cost: \$10.30

Payback period: 1.7 years

Advantages: Unlimited application possible Shutters have a long life span - 15 yrs.

or more

Short payback period

Simple operation

Durable

Decorative

Window operable

No daily removal/storage necessary

Disadvantages: Difficult to fit exisiting windows (especially older homes or wide windows)

# BAG OF FOAM RUBBER

Cost: \$26.62

R-10.85

R-5.7

Payback period: 4.4 years

Advantages: Bag could be made of material to match decor

Could have double usage as a pillow

Could have double usage as pillows Removable for cleaning

Easy to install

Disadvantages: Limited to existing size of foam rubber available

Need for the pillows could result in the bag being out of the window when needed for heat control Must fit the window frame snugly

Requires daily removal and storage Window inoperable when bags are in place

Foam won't last as long if used as a pillow

#### **BAG OF INSULATION**

Cost: \$8.65

R-12.5

Payback period: 1.3 years

Advantages: Short payback period

Good R-value

Unlimited application

Easy to install

Bag could be decorative

Insulation could be removable for

laundering the bag

Disadvantages: Limited to standard sizes of insulation

Itchy to handle

Short life span of insulation if removed

daily Window inoperable

Must be removed for solar gain from

the south each day

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Chain Saws - Log Splitters (powerful 18 ton) Insulation Blowers - top brand insulation



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evaporating this moisture takes energy. Burn wood that has dried for at least six months and your fire will start more easily and give off more heat.

The second essential for combustion—oxygen—is controlled by the stove's damper or air inlet. Shut the controls way down and the fire will burn slowly; open them and the fire burns quickly.

The third essential ingredient is temperature. To start a fire easily in your stove, you'll need high temperatures as well as dry fuel and plenty of oxygen.

TO START A FIRE: (1) Open the damper and the air inlets on the stove all the way; (2) Crumple or shred newspaper and place in stove to provide high temperatures needed to ignite the wood; (3) stack small pieces (up to 1 inch in diameter) of very dry kindling on the paper, log cabin or teepee-style to insure that plenty of oxygen will circulate in the fire (soft wood like pine or cedar, split into thin pieces makes the best kindling, but any dry and finely split wood will do, and pine should be kept on hand if you use our stove intermittently); (4) light the paper, wait until the fire is blazing, and add larger pieces of



# FRONTIER wood stoves



Rte. 26, Oxford

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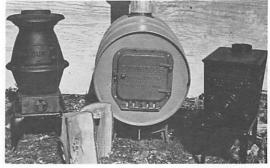


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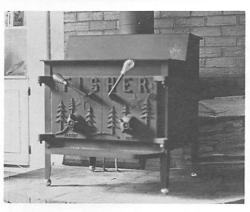








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An idea America is warming up to.



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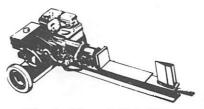
# BE PREPARED THIS WINTER



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Regular Price \$339.95
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Offer good from September 1, 1979 through November 15, 1979
FEATURES: MODELS S-50 & F-65 HEAVY-DUTY GASOLINE CHAIN SAWS

Model/Item Code No.	Engine Spec. Bore & Stroke	Displace- ment Cu. In.	Fuel Cap. Pts.	Chain Oiler Cap. Pts.	For Chain & Bar Sizes	Chain Pitch	Chain Gauge	Guide Bar Supplied	Dry Wt. Bar & Chain	Ship Wt. Lbs.
S - 50	1.73" x 1.42"	3.4	1.58	.74	16" thru 20"	3/8"	058	15 Replacement Roller Nose	12.3 lbs.	18 1/3
F - 65	1.83" x 1.42"	4	1.58	.74	16" thru 20"	3/8"	058		14.1 lbs.	20 5/8

Also: Wood-Splitters - Logging Hardware

# **OXFORD SAW SALWS**

Old Route 26

(across from Norway Drive-In)

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# SHUTTER (w/2" Solid Foam)

R-15 Cost:\$23.10 Payback period: 3.7 years

Advantages: Unlimited application

Good R-gain Snug fit possible (little

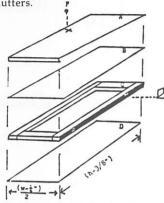
heat loss through windows)

Durable

More rigid than other shutters

Simple to operate Decorative

Disadvantages: Same as with other shutters.



The possibilities for combination of treatments are many, and the sum of R-values of combined treatments will improve the resistance of your home. For instance, suppose you have a north facing window that you are willing to have remain inoperable during the winter months. If you could put a plain shutter on that window (R-5.7), with a bag of insulation behind the shutter in the window frame (R-12.5), cover the window with plastic (R-1) and a storm window (R-2) and add that to the value of the regular pane of glass (R-2), you come up with a total heat-saving value for that window of R-23.2. That will give you a very good savings on your fuel bill.

Of course, you will not want to block off all your windows in that way. South and east-facing windows should have removable window coverings. You will want to consider

ventilation and fire exits as well.

The Rural Housing Institute has additional information available on conserving energy and converting your home for efficient energy use.

Costs were figured on a per window basis Report prepared by Jane Gray, former CETA worker with the Rural Housing Institute

#### ...Page 13 Mystery Man

During the winter, Thorne joined one of the Greek letter fraternities (Gamma Sigma Kappa) then flourishing in the school. I don't know how much he contributed to the intellectual or social life of the fraternity but his brother members later showed their respect for him in a very practical way...

Another event of the winter term was the Sophomore Essays, the best of which were chosen to compete for prizes. The burning question around 1902 was the political division of China among the great powers. Thorne wrote a paper arguing against such a division. He knew the history, the customs, and the character of the Chinese people. He their right to retain their defended sovereignty, their own religion, and their way of life. Although his essay was undoubtedly the best, he refused to compete for the prize, believing his age and travel experience gave him unfair advantage. It was evident from bits of information and anecdotes which appeared in his conversation that he had visited many foreign lands, but how or why or when he never revealed.

As the end of his school year approached, Thorne let it be known to Mother that he was short of funds. In fact, he didn't have enough to pay his room and board. He promised he would send the money during the summer and he kept his word.

He returned in the fall of 1902 for his third school year... Thorne departed as usual for the Easter vacation, leaving his board bill unpaid. Page 55...

# Country Chickadee

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#### CAUTION:

Foams are flammable and give off toxic fumes during combustion. Styrofoam packing pellets cannot be used in attics or walls (building and fire codes forbid it), but may be used in shutter construction.

fuel, stacking them so that air can circulate freely around them. (5) After ten minutes or so, close down the air controls to the desired location.

One word of caution: *Never* use a petroleum product such as gasoline or lighter fluid to start a fire in a stove. An explosion or flashback may occur and your whole house may become a part of the blaze.

Close the dampers for long burns. Some heat loss due to unburned gases will be compensated for by better heat transfer between the fire and stove walls. Remember that these unburned gases end up as creosote in the stove pipe or chimney. Check and clean periodically.

Information taken from a report prepared by the New England Regional Commission Energy Program and funded by the U. S. Department of Commerce.

# EFFECTS OF SEASONING OF HARDWOODS ON MOISTURE AND HEAT

Relative Heat Moisture

Moisture	Value (% of Value, air dry)	Content (% of oven-dried wt.)
Green in fall, winter or spring	89	80
Green in summer	93	65
Trees leaf-felled in summer after 2 weeks	96	45
Spring wood seasoned 3 months	97	35
Spring wood seasoned 6 months	98	30
Dry wood seasoned 12 months	100	25



Anxious to know what the weather will be? Then get yourself a MAINE WOODS-MAN'S WEATHERSTICK. This rustic weather predictor comes from the backwoods of Maine. All you have to do is hang it on an outside wall or door casing exposed to the weather. The stick will bend down to foretell foul weather or up for fair weather. (Unless you've hung it upside down.)

This unique product was first introduced to Steve Wight, Innkeeper of Sunday River Inn, Bethel, Maine nearly seven years ago by a guest of the Bethel Inn when Steve was assistant manager there. Steve decided to give the stick a try and began producing weathersticks as a sideline.

People couldn't believe the things really worked, but began to buy them anyway to test them. Weathersticks began showing up at craft fairs and were purchased as souvenirs of the Maine woods to be carted back home by city folks.

When Kathy Pulkkinen, who owns the Arundel craft shop and catalog order



business called *Especially MAINE*; and Penn Brown, an advertising representative from *New Yorker* magazine stayed at the Inn for some holiday skiing, they discovered the stick and the item was on its way.

Today Steve Wight rarely sits down without keeping his hands occupied with whittling. Orders come fast and furious, especially during the holiday times. Although the stick appears simple to make, Wight says there are several steps involved in fashioning a finished product.

How and why does the weatherstick work? WHO KNOWS? But there are a lot of believers who rely on the stick to point the way to a good or bad day.

Nadia Bolio



The apples are seasoned And ripe and sound Gently they fall On the yellow ground

The apples are stored In the dusky bin Where hardly a glimmer Of light creeps in.

In the firelit winter Nights, they'll be The clear sweet taste Of a summer tree!

From Apple Song by Frances Frost

Who knows better how to get the most delicious tastes from apples than an orchardist? Though they're pretty busy with picking this time of year, a couple of local apple-growers sent us their favorite recipes.

From Elaine Morse at Morse Orchards on Appleblossom Lane, Waterford, came a couple of mouth-watering dessert recipes:

#### FLAKY APPLE SQUARES

2½ cups flour

1 Tablespoon sugar

1 teaspoon salt

Sift the first three dry ingredients together and cut in 1 cup lard or shortening.

1 egg separated Milk

Put the egg yolk in a measuring cup and add enough milk to make 2/3 cup. Add it to the flour mixture, making into a ball. Roll out half of the ball to fill a large cookie sheet, turning up the edges a little to make sides. Cover with:

2/3 cup crushed cornflakes 5 cups chopped, peeled apples

Sprinkle with 1½ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Roll remaining dough and cover apples. Pinch edges. Slightly beat egg whites and spread on top.

Bake at 400° for 40 minutes. Cover with confectionary sugar glaze (1 c. sugar and water). Cut into squares.

#### ELAINE'S APPLE CRISP

(Preheat oven to 375°)

8-10 apples (She uses Cortlands or Macs) (use 1 Tablespoon lemon juice if apples are real mellow—not needed otherwise).

1 teaspoon cinnamon

3/4 cup raisins (optional)

1/4 cup water (or cider)

Topping:

1 cup rolled oats

1/3 cup toasted wheat germ (toast 20 min. in 250° oven, stirring occasionally)

½ cup whole wheat flour

(an equivalent amount of crushed dry cereal like Rice Krispies, Corn Flakes, Wheaties, etc. can replace wheat germ and whole wheat flour—however, it's not as nutritious)

1/4 teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon cinnamon

½ cup brown sugar

½ cup margarine



Elaine Morse

Mrs. Morse adds coconut, walnuts, or sunflower seeds at times. She advises using your imagination. Her emphasis on whole wheat grains stems from involvement with 4-H and two food co-ops.

Peel & slice apples, fill a greased 9"x13" baking dish. Sprinkle cinnamon and sugar,

add raisins and water (or cider).

Mix together brown sugar and oleo until crumbly. Add cereals, nuts, grains as desired until crumbly. Press topping over apples and bake for 25-35 minutesm or until apples are soft.

Good with ice cream on top (Serves 8)



Over the generations, the Coopers of Buckfield have been raising fruits and vegetables, which they now sell at the Cooper Farms store on Route 26, West Paris. Linda Cooper sent us her husband's grandfather's recipe which she says is a family favorite. It's so easy, it's sure to become one of your favorites as well.

#### APPLE NUT SQUARES

1/3 cup Wesson Oil ½ tsp. salt

1 egg

2 medium apples, pared & diced

½ cup chopped nuts

1 cup plus 2 Tablespoons flour ½ teaspoon baking soda

½ teaspoon cinnamon

1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat egg and add oil and apples. Add nuts and 1 teaspoon vanilla, stir together. Sift flour, sugar, salt and cinnamon and baking powder, mix together until well blended. Bake in greased 7x11 pan in 350° oven for 40 minutes.

Linda Cooper and son Cameron

Apple picking at the turn of the century



# You don't say

A TOURIST TRAP

If you are of a mind to deposit your trash at the Poland Town Dump, beware. Everett Boyker, the gentleman sporting a black patch over one eye and wielding a dung fork. is on the lookout for prospective customers who per chance might be easy prey. The wily trader buys, sells and dickers so successfully that a person often ends up hauling home more than he came with.

According to Arnold Farr, Poland Corner's fiery barber, Boyker is out to take you to the cleaners. "Whenever I spot Boyker walking toward my barber shop, I drop the curtain and hang up the 'closed' sign in hopes he'll go on his way. But usually Boyker will squat on the front stoop, light up his smelly pipe and patiently wait me out. His presence at my place of business tends to frighten customers away so I'm forced to let him in," groans Farr.

Farr tells how one time while he was temporarily out of the shop chatting with a customer, Boyker sold Abbie Farr's barber chair just because nobody was in it at the time. "He later claimed he intended to split

the profit with me," booms Farr.

When Abbie Farr discovered her chair had been sold she chased Boyker clear across town until she cornered him unloading the chair at the buyer's cow barn where it was

about to go on sale again.

Farr admits that Boyker usually comes out ahead in a transaction and he warns anyone who visits Boyker at the Poland Town Dump or at his White Oak Hill homestead to proceed with caution. Boyker doesn't accept any returns and refuses to listen to complaints. "A deal is a deal," says Boyker.

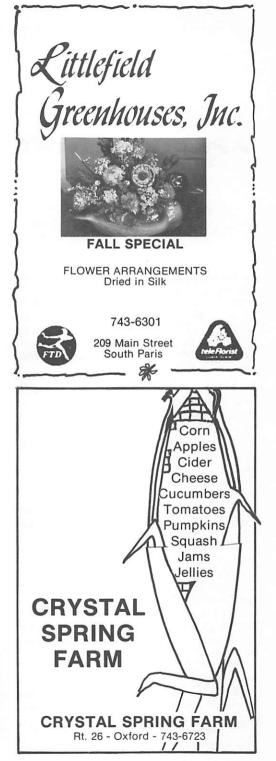
Farr thinks the town fathers ought to erect a sign at the dump gate—"WARNING,

TOURIST TRAP."

Firgone Poon



Everett Boyker, trader



# MAKING DO: Old time ways to whip inflation.

## **APPLEHEAD ART**

by Nadia Bolio



Apples are not only for eating. They are the makings of an economical art object as well, when used to create all kinds of applehead people. The craft, passed down from generation to generation, is practiced by Annella Burnham of Bryant Pond, who offers the following instructions for crafting applehead dolls.

1. Pick a firm, unblemished apple, shaped like a head if possible. (Yellow or red delicious apples work best because they are firm and well-shaped).

2. Peel and pare apple and cut out all peeling in depression at stem and at bottom

end.

3. Carve apple into rough shape of a face, making a nose and a mouth, and hollow out areas for eye sockets, then cut slits to enable insertion of glass-headed pins for eyeballs

when apple has dried.

4. Continue carving to scrape off sharp edges and to round contour of cheeks, ears. Mouth is usually made by cutting a straight slit; lip is shaped by scraping an area underneath. Then, to prevent heads from darkening with age, place them in a plastic bag and pour a solution of salt and cold water over them. Twist and tie neck of bag so that heads remain in this solution for 36 hours,

5. With a paper towel, drain and pat

heads dry.

6. Take a small dowel or round stick and push up about ¾" into the end of the applehead and into a piece of foam.

7. Set this aside in a warm place for about two weeks. Head will shrink to about half

the original size and will turn flesh-colored and wrinkled. An interesting little old man or woman face will emerge. You can pinch added features into shape if apple's inside is still spongy.

8. White glass-headed pins, clipped about 3/4" from the shank can be pushed into eye slits. With a touch of black paint, pupils are painted on. A little rouge patted on the cheeks and a water-based paint applied to the lips adds some color to the face. One single strand of yarn glued in places serves as eyebrows. Dacron batting makes good white hair, arranged in a favorite style and fastened with white glue.

Two firm but bendable wires 12" long make up the skeleton. The wires are twisted

into place as shown in the diagram

10 Pad skeleton by wrapping with old nylons to the thickness desired. The nylons are hand-stitched into place. Sew stockings to body using sock or knit fabric.

11. Shoes can be made from soft leather material or felt. Flesh-colored felt, cut in the shape of a mitten, is also used for the hand. This is fitted over the end of each arm. A little tube of flesh-colored felt is also sewn around the neck area, leaving ½" uncovered wire to insert into the apple head.

12. Body should be completely dressed before putting on head...Head is then pushed down onto neck wire. A ring of white glue around the felt neck with head pushed into it

keeps the head in place.

13. Little applehead people can be bent into sitting positions or any other arrangement.



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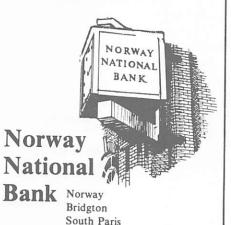
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A real October's bright blue day is something like the kind of weather we expect Heaven to have...

# Recollections

## Maine Is Forever

by Inez Farrington

PART X: OCTOBER

tober weather can be contrary. It can be far lovelier than September or as cold as November. A real October's bright blue day is something like the kind of weather we expect Heaven to have, except that the mornings are cold and it is hard to realize how cold the evening can be after such a warm day. Many summer guests who have learned how beautiful October is are still with us. They seem to dread leaving and will stay despite their worry over getting snowbound in their cottages and their fear of frozen water pipes. We cannot blame them for we could not bear to leave Maine at this time of year.

This is a busy month for we know we cannot put off any longer the preparations that make us ready for winter. When Mark Twain said that no one does anything about the weather he either knew nothing about what Maine folks do or forgot to mention it. Storm doors and windows must go on, the end of the porch where the wind hits so hard must be boarded up. The houses are banked with dirt or sawdust and then a winter petticoat of heavy paper can be put up halfway to the windows, and on very cold nights you can even put a rug at the outside door to fill the space where the cold works in.

Despite the fact that oil burners are coming into fashion more and more, small towns still rely a great deal on woodpiles. In the old days a large woodpile was regarded as a sign of prosperity and the idea still persists, for usually the kitchen range depends on wood. I could not feel very comfortable looking at a stove that has no sign of life except an occasional gurgle from somewhere inside its depths. I like to warm my toes in the oven and listen to the fire roar and snap, to be able to burn up my rubbish and poke at the fire.

Running a wood stove is task enough to keep one warm, even before the fire is going! It is a hard job from the beginning of it to carrying out the ashes at the end. Trees have to be cut down in the woods, hauled to the house, sawed up by hand or a power saw, piled in the woodshed, carried into the house—and then...put in the stove. Still a barrel of smelly oil cannot give much of a thrill, but a neatly piled shed full of wood is a great comfort. If the coal or oil truck cannot get through during a bad storm you still have your woodpile and nothing to worry about. Besides, a woodpile has a fragrance of Maine woods that makes the woodshed a pleasant place. And if you get lonely you can always go out to the woodshed and listen to hundreds of worms, busily at work with a noise like tiny drills! You never see the worms so you need have no fear though you bring in a handful with each load of wood. Maine folks are never without a supply of wood large enough to get them comfortably through the winter. About the meanest thing that can be said of a Maine man is that, "He hasn't a stick of wood on the place." That is considered the height of shiftlessness.

Hunting season, which starts soon after the fairs are over, was once considered a gentleman's sport. Now the ladies too are ardent fans. This state, being one of the very best for this sport, enjoys considerable fame and revenue from the many out-of-state hunters who come each season. Deer are very common, some being chased for miles through the deep woods for what seeme endless hours. Some are shot in pastures and often some lucky person gets one in his own back yard. But the big kill is made in the small country stores where every night the hunters gather to swap experiences. The game has been rehearsed weeks before the

season opens and excitement runs high after several men get their deer, and several others have missed theirs. It is considered very bad manners not to listen closely as each man tells just how he chased his deer down and where he hit it to make the final kill. He in turn must listen and sympathize while the other fellow tells why his got away.

This is a sport where the contestants do not care to have an audience. They will accept any amount of cheering after they have gotten their deer—in fact, they expect a great deal of it—but while the hunt is on they want complete silence. Personally I never could get a thrill from sitting on a deer crossing, half frozen and wondering what was sneaking up behind me, not daring to even lift my mittened hand up to my cold nose, for fear some hunter would shoot at it.

sure and I agreed to take them in my car to the place where they had left theirs. As a precaution, I took Peggy, our huge German police dog, along. Peggy looked fierce enough to frighten the bravest person and they did not know she was old and gentle. I felt well protected until on my way home I happened to think that two men, with a gun apiece and plenty of ammunition, could easily have done away with both Peggy and myself!

Man cannot live by bread alone, but a man who likes to hunt could live by that alone. On the first day of the season they go AWOL, whether their jobs are in an office or just putting on storm windows. Neither rain, nor snow, sleet nor earthquakes will stop them in the pursuit of their idea of happiness. Of course, we are all hunters of a sort. An entire world is hunting the solution to its many

Our local game warden discovered to his sorrow and embarassment; that some Maine ladies know how to shoot and are capable of getting their own deer...he agreed to drop the charges against one lady if she could come within six inches of his gold watch.

The lady raised her rifle, took careful aim,... and smashed the watch into tiny pieces.

The day the season opens ever cross road into the woods is jammed with parked cars and every hunting camp is filled with hunters. They work hard for their sport for these camps are liable to be crude affairs, not equipped with running water or electricity. Water must be brought from a well on the lake, and wood has to be chopped and carried in. Even daylight sees the hunters ready to tramp through the cold woods until the sun goes down. Occasionally everyone has to get out and hunt for the hunters. Every year numerous men are lost in the woods. sometimes for days, but they are nearly always found safe and well. It is easy to get lost if there is a fog or it is snowing, but hunters go out prepared for emergencies. They carry matches, are dressed warmly, usually have a lunch with them, and, of course, a gun.

My only experience with lost hunters were with two who had found their way to the main road but were several miles from their car. When they knocked at the door, after dark, they were not a comforting sight to a lady alone. Dressed in old clothes and having a growth of several days' whiskers, they couldn't be anything but hunters I was

problems. Individuals stalk their own personal game—happiness, more wealth, better health, or better education. The smallest child hunts for new words, new games, or new ideas. Women hunt new styles, better bargains, and new ways of doing their housework. And many of them hunt for deer and really get them, in spite of game wardens' suspicions.

Our local warden once discovered to his sorrow and embarrassment that some Maine ladies know how to shoot and are capable of getting their deer. One lady under questioning was trying to impress her skill on the warden. In his anger he agreed to call the charges off if she could come within six inches of his gold watch. The lady raised her rifle, took careful aim, and the bullet smashed his watch into tiny pieces. Time stood still as an amazed game warden conceded that one lady could shoot a deer when she saw one!

Hunting seems to bring out the primitive spirit in men, for while they are hunting for deer many of them will shoot any small animal that comes into view—rabbits, coons, partridges and woodchucks all fall beneath their gun. None of these except partridges

are much used for food now, but we ate all those when we were growing up and enjoyed them. Rabbit, cooked very tender and the broth thickened for gravy, makes a tasty meal. Mother almost drew the line at woodchucks, but when Dad got one her thrifty soul could not bear to see it go to waste so she cooked it with a great deal of muttering to herself, and even now she does not care for Candlemas Day. Venison is in a class by itself and no one has to doubt how good it tastes but if I ever met a deer face to face I would not have the heart to shoot it. The questioning look in their eyes after they are dead is more than I can bear.

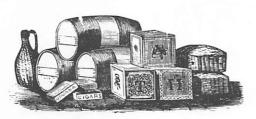
Hunting bear is even harder than hunting deer, for they make their home in rugged territory far back in the hills and mountains and they retire to it in a hurry when hunters swarm through the woods. Every hunter is anxious to get a bear for they are not as plentiful as deer and the state pays a bounty on one, large or small. It is a proud day for a hunter when he can hang his bear in the barn door for everyone to admire, and ask questions as to the details of how he shot it. Many people ear bear meat and consider it good eating but my only experience at it did not turn out well, maybe because I cheated and crime does not pay. The meat was given to us by a lucky hunter and knowing my family might refuse to eat it if they knew what it was, I cooked it and served it as beef to the unsuspecting family. I ate my share and wondered why anyone should object to bear meat, but for some reason I was violently sick that night and my bear refused to stay with me. Since then I have never thought I would care to eat it again, but may be I would have been sick anyway-and it tasted good going down!

The beautiful autumn has gone, the leaves have fallen, you can now look out over long distances to scenes you have not seen for a year, and the first snow comes with the last of October. This is a joyful time for youngsters who hunt for their forgotten sleds and skis, while mother searches for missing overshoes and mittens. Snow suits are buttoned on struggling small bodies and they are off to enjoy the season's first snow. This storm is usually a small one and the snow will melt in a couple of days. It covers the cold, sullen-looking earth with white and gives a cozy appearance to the houses, as though they were wrapped in white wool blankets. It brings a new light

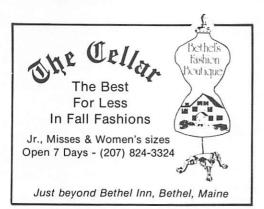


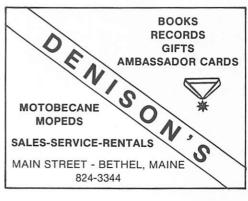
and glare inside homes that have known October's last days of darkness and gloom. We hope that this first snow so early in the winter will not stay and generally our hopes are rewarded, but we know it is only a brief respite and November's storm will soon bring winter.

Looking through a diary of long ago, I find a record that is still remembered clearly. This diary has my name written in the front of it so I have to admit to being the little liar that recorded it. The first snow had all the school children out seeking new and better sliding places. The steep bank leading down to the brook seemed perfect but had been forbidden by both teacher and parents. Being out of sight of the schoolhouse, as children sometimes will we took a chance of not being found out and coasted happily for several days. But, as teachers nearly always will, she soon found out our secret. When we were called into school she requested that each pupil who had been sliding on the bank stand up and confess. All the guilty ones, except one, stood up. I, with a smug look on my face, remained seated. The rest took their punishment and stayed after school while I, to my surprise, found myself a social



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# The bare branches of the trees rattle in the breeze like the skeleton of a dead summer.

outcast instead of a hero for standing up for my rights. That night, Mother, after much questioning as to why I did not seem to feel well, found out the whole story. She talked calmly and quietly and said my only punishment would be having to stand in front of the school and confess that I had told a lie. This being Friday night it was a long tearful weekend for me. At last Monday came and I, in fear and shame, made my confession. The children accepted it with smiles and I shall always be grateful to the teacher who, in a kind and understanding manner, explained to us all the sin of telling a lie. At recess I was taken back into the fold and invited to share the games, but a little girl had learned her lesson well and was always careful of backsliding thereafter!

The last days of October are cold and bleak. Summer guests have all returned to their home and Maine settles down for the winter months. The houses are well protected from the cold, cars are winterized for early starting, the woodshed and oil barrel are filled, and the cellar is full of vegetables and canned goods. We have in a new supply of games, books, and magazines, new snow suits, heavy underclothes, and mittens. Overshoes are waiting for a real drop in the temperature.

The bare branches of trees rattle in the breeze like the skeleton of a dead summer. Maine seems to be sleeping under the grey skies, but underneath the quietness is a current of activity of children back in school, housewives busy with baking pies and puddings, men going to and from their work at the mills, at logging, and in the shops. Smoke pours from chimneys where inside the house a busy housekeeper tears October from her calendar and says, "Here it is nearly November already, nearly Thansgiving and time I got my fruit cake and mincemeat started."

Mrs. Farrington, now a resident of Ledgeview Nursing Home in West Paris, wrote her book, **Maine Is Forever** at East Stoneham in 1954.

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Though you may not wish to publish the enclosed letter, you may be interested in Stanley Bartlett's early style. It was written to my brother Kenneth Sloan when the boys were about fifteen and was found this week by Kenneth's son when he was examining a box containing old papers of his father's.

"Crookers" is George Crooker, now living in Norway. Others mentioned in the letter are no longer alive. Kenneth and his family live in Connecticut.

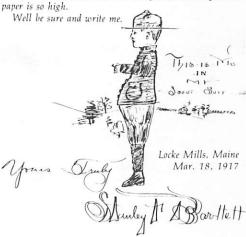
I have all issues of BitterSweet from the first issued. I enjoy reading every issue-even the advertisements. Leona M. Sloan Norway

Dear Ken,

Well why don't you write. Suppose theres a lot of snow down there, there is about 4 ft. up here. School keeps one week longer. Gee I'll be glad when the snow gets off we'll do some hiking. I've got about 960 stamps now. How's Crookers and all the rest, suppose your mother is full of the devil tell her that I am. We are learning to signal with flags as they do in the navy, you see I'm getting practised up. Well I'm coming down soon. I go snow-shoeing some, I'm going to built me a camp on the pond this summer, I've got some boards, you better come up and help me. When I come doen we'll talk it over. For Heaven's Sake! write me if you don't I'll die, we ain't had any pictures or shows up here this winter. I've been out of school about a week with a cold. How's Ruby is she still working. How's Aunt Bessie and Uncle Jack Oliver.

Say why don't you and Crooker join the Lone Scouts, they are something like the Boy Scouts. I'll tell you about them when I come down. Say you better come up and see my hired girl she's a peach.

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#### OCTOBER BRAINTEASER - XVIII

At a certain school, freshmen always lie and seniors always tell the truth. A stranger met a group of three students. The group was composed only of freshmen and seniors. The stranger asked the first student whether he was a freshman. The first student answered the question, but the stranger didn't hear his reply.

The second student then said that the first student denied being a freshman. Then the third student said that the first is really a freshman. From this information, you should be able to decide how many of the

three were freshmen.

#### ANSWER TO SEPTEMBER BRAINTEASER

The track is a circle. Thus all the other cars are both in front of and behind the blue car. Therefore, we only have to find a number (X) such that 1/3 the number plus 3/4 the number equals the number plus the blue car. This can be expressed mathematically as 1/3X + 3/4X = M + 1.

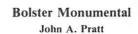
The only number which fulfills this condition or equation is 12. Solve the equation if you like, or convince yourself by trial and error. If we add the blue car, there must have been 13 cars in the race.

The winner of the September Brainteaser was Hilda Kurtz of Paris Hill. One other young entrant, 13-year old Laurie Kiesman of North Bridgton had her answer in by press time.

Can you solve this month's Brainteaser? If so, send your answer immediately to **BitterSweet**, RFD, P. O. Box 24, Buckfield, Me. 04220 (new address).









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# by John Meader MAKING THE BOUNTY LAST

The first year I farmed in Buckfield I raised a bumper (for me) crop of rutabagas. The problem was, where to store them? The house was just a shell, with everything that could be already underfoot. The woodshed, as it should be, was packed with wood. I piled the turnips under a low bay window, threw some burlap bags over, and hoped.

Well, just about needless to say we didn't eat many rutabagas that winter. After a series of freezes and thaws they went soft. By spring they composed an odiferous pile of muck which I did not enjoy removing.

It was this experience that set me on the trail of the tricks of laying food by for winter, and I have some thoughts to share.

My first resolve was to build a root cellar—a sizeable undertaking, but I'd been stung by my losses. Not just turnips were involved, for now there were cabbage, potatoes, carrots, and beets also wanting some place suitable to spend the winter.

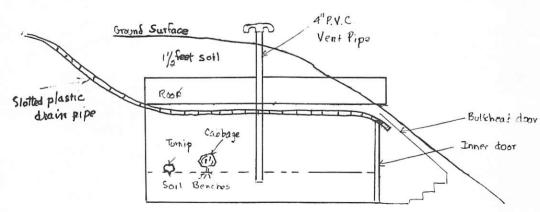
I was fortunate to have a side hill into which I could dig (please see diagram). Persons blessed (and also perhaps a bit cursed) with cellarage under their houses could adapt from there, by walling off space or knocking out some piece of wall, and digging out a ways.

Several points must be made. A root cellar has to be chilly. It ought to be fairly moist. And it needs some ventilation. Beyond this. opinions differ as to degree—how chilly. moist and vented? The problem with temperature is this: unless the cellar is cold enough, cabbage will quickly rot. If you try to store leeks, they will start to grow again, make soft new growth, and rot. But if the temperature falls too low, potatoes will sweeten-the starch converts to sugar and the potato turns peculiar. Since potatoes prefer 40° and cabbages prefer just about 32°, I keep my cellar at 38° or so; as low as I dare, in other words. This should make it clear that you shouldn't be in a rush to stock your root cellar. Get it ready in October, say, but it may be November before you shut the door and dust off your hands.

As for ventilation, I've seen arrangements where air is vented in through the base and out through the top, maintaining an air flow. Not bad until snowfall, I guess, but I'd assume after that the lower vent no longer functions.

I skipped a bottom vent, as shown in the diagram, and settled for a breather pipe up through the center. It does breathe. Mornings when it's minus thirty, a ghostly white breath may be seen to issue from the vent, as though there were bears down there beneath the ground, rather than a den of vegetables.

Moisture in my cellar takes care of itself, for the walls, floors and "benches" are all of the original hard-packed sand into which I dug. In a dryer place, such as a house cellar with concrete floors, one might wish to set in some containers of water. Carrots and beets could be packed in moist (but not wet) sand.





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# OXFORD YANKEE

Rte. 26 - Oxford, Me Mon - Sat 9-6 • Sun 1-6 207/743-7421 A pronounced advantage to an earthen floor is this: I bring my cabbage in with stock and roots intact, and sink the roots back in the earth. We've had fresh cabbage in May of the next year. This approach also works with turnips, celeriac, celery, and leeks.

Anyone adapting an existing cellarage, or constructing a root-cellar directly under an existing house or shed will have one distinct advantage that I do not enjoy—ease of access. I have to dig out my root cellar door in

order to gain entry.

I did a bit of learning about root cellar doors. I now have an outer bulkhead door and an inner vertical one, but the first winter I started out with two vertical doors about a foot apart. Early in January, frost worked in around the frame of the outer door and jammed the frame and door together. It wasn't until a thaw in March that I managed to jimmy my way in and that involved boiling water and a pry bar; frustrating for two months and a bit humiliating even in resolution.

The root-cellar serves for many vegetables—the root crops, as the name indicates, but other equally valuable crops can also be winter staples if treated properly.

Apples might do well in a root cellar but I don't try to keep them in mine because I'm afraid they might take up some of the odors. These we keep in an unheated spare room that Pat calls the still-room.

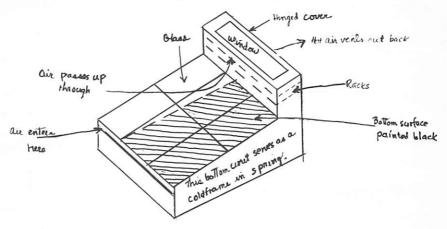
Now lest some Treasury Agent read this and come rushing over with a terrible need to kick to pieces some intricate array of copper coils and kettles, let me hasten to explain that still-room is an English expression designating a place where preserves, cakes, and such-like are stored, not that cakes stay

stored around here. Our still-room is where Pat hangs her dried flowers and herbs. Onions are also kept in the still-room, in burlap bags. Onions want cold, dry conditions for long storage. Braided onions hanging from the rafter over the kitchen stove look kind of nifty, but nifty isn't necessarily thrifty, if I may coin a phrase. In all the warmth the onions will sprout and then go soft.

And if I may make an aside, I was interested to read that the one vegetable carried by Armenian and Lebanese traders who worked the desert trade-routes of the Middle East in the 14th and 15th centuries was the onion. Makes very sound sense, this does, for the onion stands great temperature extremes, has very little waste, packs compactly, requires no water to cook, provides vitamin C, and might make gamey camel steak a little more palatable. Some day I shall pen a paean to the onion. The editor may not be happy to hear this.

As for the proper storage of squash, we are not well off. Squash want a dry, well-ventilated area with a temperature of 55 to 60 degrees. We have no such place, for even our kitchen drops into the 40's early some winter mornings. Consequently, our squash start to rot in December. A part answer, of course, is to raise squash varieties with superior storage qualities. Delicata and Acorn fulfill that requirement, and we ate our last Delicata early this last June.

Another route, of course, is to freeze squash, but I'm interested in methods requiring no expenditures of energy, so what I plan to try this year is drying. To that end I've built a solar drying unit, a diagram of which is also provided.





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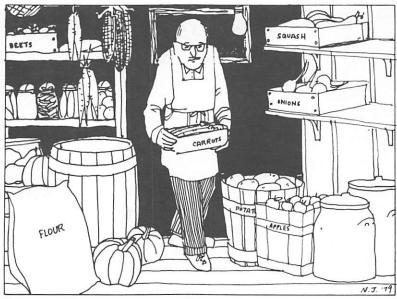
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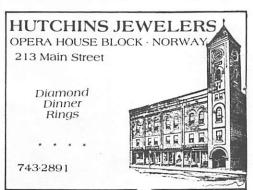
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As of this writing the dryer hasn't been tested by us as a device for preserving vegetables so it won't be until next year that I know how well the method works. But we've used the dryer on Pat's herbs and in one instance of a particulary sunny day, some of them were dry in a couple of hours.

I shall dry squash, and peppers, also. Peppers can be frozen, but most varieties will turn bitter. Perhaps drying is an answer, for certainly dried mushrooms are delicious. And I'll dry apples as well, to use for apple pies when fresh apples have rotted and been fed to the hens.

# A crock of fermenting cabbage is a bit like having an extra occupant in the room.

I haven't touched on pickling as a means of preserving, and won't, since the techniques are widely known and I have nothing to add. But I would like to recommend sauerkraut as an alternate method of keeping cabbage. The flavor of homemade is superior to that of commercial offerings that I've tasted.

A crock of fermenting cabbage is a bit like having an extra occupant in the room. Every now and then one hears a gurgle, a sort of plop, as the gases work up and through. I don't know how to describe the odor except to say that it is sour but also somehow cleanly, something like an oldmaid's wit.

Meader is a farmer and writer living in Buckfield.



#### STICKY STORY

Decoupage of autumn leaves Glued upon the street, Lacquered shiny by the rain, Until some scuffling feet Gather patterns onto boots Where they stick like paste, Dropping off in my front hall When boots are left in haste.

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#### BEFORE INDIAN SUMMER

The tenth month is the transition month from summer to winter. It's time to plow under both the garden and our summer habits. The trees are stripped of their summer foliage and we are stripped of our summer activities. October gives us a taste of winter while still whetting our appetites with touches of summer.

Before we go into October's weather, let's examine the weather of early September—specifically hurricane David. David was spawned in the southeast Atlantic. It reached hurricane force (over 74 miles per hour) in the eastern Caribbean Sea. There its winds whipped about at a clip of 150 mph.

After David plowed west-northwestward over the Caribbean, he made a land-fall on the island of Hispaniola. Crossing the island, the center smashed into the mountains of southwest Cuba. Here its winds were cut nearly in half, from 150 to 90 mph.

The hurricane is a very delicate weather machine. Moisture from the sea is pumped rapidly to great heights where it condenses into clouds and rain. The condensation from vapor to liquid releases heat energy which drives the hurricane. When David hit the mountains of Cuba, its core was literally torn apart by the interaction with the lands mass. The mountains prevented the moisture from rising smoothly and in great quantities. Since the center was overland, its nourishment was taken away and it began to die.

But David did not die immediately. It survived the battle with the mountains and once again advanced over water, its feeding grounds. Moving more toward the northwest now, David aimed its 95 mph winds at Miami. However, rarely does a hurricane make a straight land-fall without recurving towards the sea, so David did turn slightly toward the east and Miami was spared a total onslaught.

David slashed its way parallel to the Florida panhandle. On the west side, over

land, its winds were around 60 mph, but over water its winds were nearer 90 mph.

David finally made another land-fall at Savannah, Georgia. Quickly its winds were diminished to less than hurricane force Tropical storm David pushed its way more northerly through South and North Carolina before curving to the east and taking aim on New England.

A hurricane is different from a normal thunderstorm, in wind direction as well as power. No airline pilot would ever fly into the center of an active thunderstorm. The winds in a thunderstorm are vertical and this tends to smash aircraft into the ground. But according to my uncle Jere Burns, who flies for TWA, he "wouldn't hesitate to fly into the middle of a hurricane" if he had to.

He points out, "The winds of the hurricand are mostly horizontal so when you are flying inside the hurricane, all the winds are relative to your craft. The winds can only

slow you down or speed you up."

We in the hills and lakes region did not ge the worst of the tropical storm, which wen to the west of us. Like a northeaster, the worst part of the storm is on its western half. We were on the east. The places mos affected by the storm were areas unprotected by south winds. We got south winds and some rain (1.10 inches at our house) but the worst we suffered was faller branches and power outs. I, for one benefitted from tropical storm David. learned to do my homework by candlelight and I got my exercise clearing the lawn o limbs from our large, healthy elm tree. My brother, kicking off with the 35-45 mpl winds during Oxford Hills High Schoo football practice at the height of the storm nearly put the ball over the uprights.

But, to get back to the present, October will bring us the average maximum of clear days. Winds will tend to be light. The air mass that controls the area is usually coo and dry, giving autumn that crisp feeling.

Often, October weather is controlled by a high pressure system over West Virginia, to the southwest. These highs tend to stagnate over that area and spread out. We are close enough to them to make our winds very ligh and variable.

The bad part about this weather condition is the pollution it breeds. Picture a coomorning. As the sun rises it heats a layer of air above the surface of the earth. Smokerises in the cool air to meet the warm layer

above the earth; it cannot rise above that barrier. Known as a temperature inversion, this keeps the man-made pollutants near the surface of the earth and creates unpleasant conditions. As I ride to Norway for school in the morning, I see many smokestaks spewing forth smoke which rises several hundred feet and then stops. It looks as if a cloud bank has formed over the town.

In October, the storm track shifts from its summer position at 60° latitude to a more southern position at 55°. This increases the frequency of cold front passages across the hills and lakes and ensures the presence of cool Canadian air.

Probably the most-talked-about weather phenomena in October is the much heralded Indian Summer. Actually, many people do not know that Indian Summer, rather than being just any warm weather in the fall, is really warm weather after the first cold spell. The conditions that produce Indian Summer are the same ones that increase pollution. A high pressure system stalls near us and we get light winds and pleasant autumn temperatures.

The first killing frost often occurs in October. The Farmer's Almanac points out that in Portland the first frost in the fall is likely to occur around October 17th. In the hills and lakes region, the first killing frost is usually earlier. Your garden can be saved from the first few mild frosts by covering your plants with sheets or something heavier, to keep the warmth in the soil around the plants.

As I have said, October is the preparation month. It's time to put all the baseball bats, volleyballs and outdoor furniture in the shed. It's time to get out the winter tires or buy new ones; time to mow the lawn one more time before winter; time to add another blanket to your bed.

It's time to get ready for winter.

Burns, a junior at Oxford Hills High School, is the WCSH-TV weather observer for Waterford.



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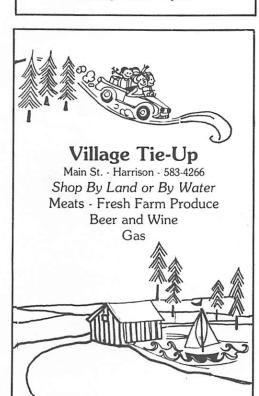
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#### SCHOOL DAYS

A recent inspection of my granddaughter's sixth grade homework brought home to me how much schools have changed since my

"formative years."

Our primary teacher made her own flash cards by dipping the runner end of a pencil and inscribing simple words and math problems like 5x4 = ? on five by seven inch cards. She would throw the cards on the floor and encourage us to scramble for them. Each card we were able to capture we took to her and bleated out our idea of the answer. If we were correct we were allowed to keep the card. When the cards had all been harvested, a tally was taken and the one holding the most cards was declared the winner and was given the privilege of sitting in the back seat all day (A great honor!)

Lacking audio-visual equipment, teacher read to us a daily chapter from such books as Heidi or The Snow Baby. Sipsu and Goonla, the Eskimo children, became very

real to us.

There were no mimeographed papers with statements to be marked true-or-false, or questions to be checked off yes or no. (Even a dummy with a little luck can score better than fifty percent on those.)

Our examination questions were written on the blackboard (now a chalkboard, since it is no longer black). We wrote out the answers in cursive Palmer Method longhand. And we had better watch our spelling!

Spelling—that I hated. We lined up in the front of the room and the teacher fired words at us at random. If you couldn't spell a word, the kid on your left got a chance to second-guess you. If he or she (usually a she) succeeded, you exchanged places in the line. A few such episodes and a person could wind up at the bottom end—discraced. The one who won the place at the top gained much prestige and was granted such extra privileges as passing out papers, going outside to dump the waste basket, or ringing the bell for recess.

Our sixth grade teacher was a wonder. She knew how to sugar-coat the pill of wisdom that she imparted. She turned arithmetic from the abstract to the concrete, from the speculative to the operative. We measured the classroom floor for carpeting and the walls for wall paper, deducting carefully for doors and windows. We determined the number of cords of wood in the school's winter woodpile.

One beautiful day in early June, in an effort to ease some of the drudgery involved in "Language Class," she sent four of us outside to sit on the door step and write a three page composition on what we observed.

Our hearts weren't in it! The late spring sunshine filled the air with the lush scent of growing things and our heads with visions of the trout streams and swimming holes of the approaching vacation. We discoursed long and wrote little.

But it was here that I took my first faltering step toward the field of Longfellow

and Whitter. I wrote on my number-one sheet: Four boys sat upon a hill And not a one was keeping still. They tried and tried with all their might, But they couldn't find a darnéd thing to write. e was formed all too long ago, but member it well. I should. I wound up ting it fifty times on the blackboard after Raymond Cotton [



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#### ...Page 31 Mystery Man

About two weeks later, Mother received a etter from a man in Boston saying he and Thorne were rooming together and that Thorne was very sick with pneumonia. The next day a telegram came saying Thorne was lead and that he had requested burial at North Bridgton. Accordingly he was laid to est in our family lot.

The members of his school fraternity tought a headstone, inscribed with his tame, the letters of his fraternity, and the

ate of his death.

No on ever appeared to claim his personal

elongings.

More than fifty years have passed, but each time I visit the family lot in the emetery I look at Thorne's headstone and yonder who he was. What was his ationality? How did he acquire his culture? Vas he born rich or poor? Was there a yoman in his life? What strange chain of ircumstances led him to a grave in a little ountry cemetery?

I shall never know the answers. . . . . .  $\Box$ 

Guy M. Monk
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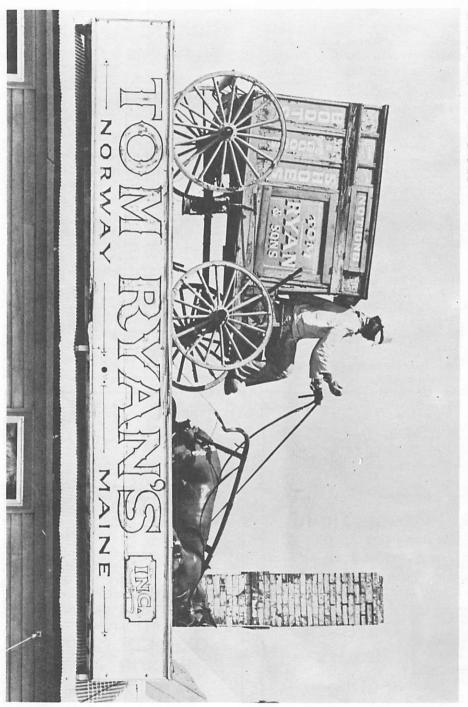
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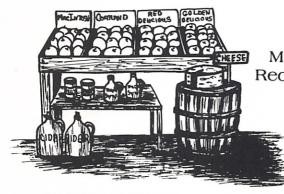
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